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No. 5 MONUMENT SQUARE

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and Cards of Thanks, six cents per
line.

THE DEADLIEST POISON.

Curare, Whose Secret is Known Only
to the Aborigines of India.

The cranks who not so long ago
conspired to murder Premier Lloyd
George were going to employ curare,
the kind made by the Aborigines of
India, which is the deadliest poison
known to man.

It is believed in London, where curare
has been extensively studied, that
its chief ingredients are snake venom
and certain distillations from decayed
corpses. It is even asserted that the
Aborigines test the strength of
curare by injecting a little into a vigorous
tree. If all the leaves of the
tree do not fall off within twenty-four
hours the poison is considered inefficacious.

The Aborigines use curare in a simple,
primitive way. They dip their arrow
tips in the fresh poison. The slightest
scratch from one such arrow tip means
certain and immediate death.

The English conspirators, it will be
remembered, planned to attack Lloyd
George in the Abernethy, shooting curare
poisoned darts at him from an
air gun.

The last case on record of curare
murder occurred in Vienna, where a
young doctor recently was sentenced
to life imprisonment for supplying a
young married woman with curare.
She touched the poison to a scratch on
her aged husband's arm, and he died
in great agony.

Chickens are the only living creatures
immune to the deadly effects of
curare.—Detroit Free Press.

Magicians of the Pen.

While W. W. Jacobs confesses that
he often sits, pen in hand, a whole
morning without putting a solitary
word on paper, Sir Arthur Conan
Doyle has written a story of 12,000
words without once leaving his desk.
Even such a painstaking writer as the
late L. Stevenson had his spasms of
lightning work, in one of which he
completed his famous "Jekyll and
Hyde" story within seven days, and
Hall Caine wrote the first and last
lines of his "Life of Coleridge" in three
weeks. "White Sir J. M. Barrie counts
500 or 600 words a "good day's work."
H. G. Wells has often written 10,000
words between breakfast and bed, and
Mrs. L. T. Meade has produced 20,000
words in a busy day.

The late Andrew Lang, when in the
mood, has more than once written
5,000 words of a book between break-
fast and a late luncheon, and it is said
that S. R. Crockett wrote the last half
of "The Stickit Minister" in forty
hours.—London Answers.

Enlisting a Golfer's Aid.

"I hung a few rugs on the line yes-
terday."
"Well?"
"Then I got my husband's midiron
and told him to go out in the yard
and practice a few golf swings on
them."—Detroit Free Press.

A Popular Recreation.

"Where are you going, Sandy?" said
one Scotchman to another.
"Down to the club," said Sandy.
"And what for?"
"Just to contradict a wee bit."

Squint and Tuberculosis.

Squint is a sign of a predisposition to
tuberculosis, according to Dr. W. C.
Hivers, who writes to the Lancet an-
nouncing it and adding that the only
previous observation of the kind is by
Homer, whose picture of Thersites,
Cress eyed he was, and halting moved on
legs
Ill paired; his gibbous shoulders o'er his
broad
Contracted, pinched it, . . .
was, according to Dr. Hivers, "drawn
from a tuberculosis cripple of sordid
disposition."

A certain king, says a tale from the
Persian, asked an astrologer, "How
many years of life remain to me?" The
wise man replied, "Ten." The king
became very despondent and betook
himself, as one stricken with a sick-
ness, to his bed. His vizier, who pos-
sessed great wisdom, sent for the seer
and in the king's presence asked him,
"How many years have you to live?"
He replied, "Twenty." The vizier or-
dered that he should that very hour be
executed in the king's presence. The
king was satisfied and commended the
sagacity of his minister and no longer
attached any importance to the astrolo-
ger's saying.

Paper was made from rags in Achaia
more than ten centuries ago, the rag
being brought to Europe in the thir-
teenth century.

BACK IN '87 THEY
KILLED THE BALL

Records Show Fifteen Players
Batted Over .400.

COBB LAST TO TURN TRICK

All Told, There Have Been Thirty-one
Diamond Artists Who Have Hit For
400 or Better Since Big Show Was
Organized—Seven Have Been Re-
peaters.

What do you know about a baseball
season that produced fifteen pastimers
with a batting average of .400 or bet-
ter? You guessed right. It happened
in the golden days of big league pas-
timing, in the days of which grand-
father likes to tell how they pickled
the pill.

Thirty years ago the National league
and the American association held the
spotlight in baseball, as do the Na-
tional and American leagues today. It
was then—in 1887, to be exact—that
the hardest hitting on record came to
pass. In that year the American asso-
ciation records showed eleven players
with a batting average of .400 or bet-
ter. The players were O'Neil, Caruthers
and Robinson of St. Louis, Brown-
ing and Mack of Louisville, Lyons and
Stovey of the Athletics, Bedford and
Orr of the Metropolitans, Burns of Bal-
timore and Burch of Brooklyn.

The same season the National league
kicked in with a quartet of hitting in
the .400 set, the players being Anson
of Chicago, Ferguson of Philadelphia
and Brothers and Thompson of De-
troit.

Only once since the memorable sea-
son of 1887 have there been more than
two .400 wallpapers in one year. In
1894 Duffy of Boston, Thompson of
Detroit and Deleahanty and Turner of
Philadelphia slugged their way into
the champion circle. Since 1912, the
last time Ty Cobb turned the trick, no
big time leader has hit for .400.

It would seem that the National
league gave up the business of develop-
ing .400 swatters when the American
league came into existence. The parent
organization hasn't owned a .400 hitter
since 1899, when Ed Deleahanty and
Jesse Burkett hit for the high mark.
Three American leaguers—Lajoie, Cobb
and Jackson—have turned in a season's
batting card with an average of .400 or
better.

All told there have been thirty-one
pastimers who have hit for the .400 or
better since the big show was organ-
ized. Seven have been repeaters, among
them Ross Barnes and Jesse
Burkett, who stayed in the .400 set
three seasons, and Ty Cobb and Ed
Deleahanty, Sam Thompson, Pop Anson
and Harry Stovey, with records of two
seasons.

Ty Cobb is the only present day
player who stacks up with the old time
sluggers. Ty may not be so wicked
with the bludgeon, but even grandfa-
ther will have to admit that his bat-
ting average year to year compares fa-
vorably with that of the old boys.

Today a .400 clouter is indeed a rare
bird. Perhaps some pastimer of the
future will hit his way to fame, but in
all probability when Ty Cobb passes out
of the big yard he will take back to
Georgia the last of the major leagues'
400 batting marks.

BALL PLAYER NOW MAYOR.

Hickman Held American League Rec-
ord For Hitting as a First Baseman.

Charlie Hickman, who holds the
American league record for hitting as a
first baseman and who for four years
held an average of higher than .300
with the swat stick and who in addi-
tion played at not less than seven dif-
ferent positions while a big leaguer
and with seven different big league
clubs, was elected recently to the some-
what distinguished position of mayor
of Morgantown, one of West Virginia's
most thriving cities, which boasts a
population of between 15,000 and 20,
000 and which is the seat of West Vir-
ginia university.

Hickman started out playing baseball
there in 1896, went from Morgantown
to Newcastle, Pa., in the old Interstate,
then for three years with the Boston
Nationals, two years with the New
York Giants, now as a third baseman,
then to the newly organized Boston
American league team, then three
years at Cleveland, where he played at
first base; then a year at Detroit in
the outfield, two and a half years with
the Washington American league team,
half a year with the Chicago White
Sox, back to Cleveland for a year, and
then three years with the Toledo
American association team, after which
he said goodbye to the diamond game as
a player forever.

Young Hickman a Speeder.

Young Hickman, the Brooklyn's ex-
tra outfielder, is said to be the fastest
runner in the big leagues. He is rather
short and thick set, but he can fly over
the ground when he gets under full
headway. Hickman's great speed en-
abled him to get under a torrid drive
from George Burns' bat in the four-
teenth inning of a recent game. He
caught the ball on the left field foul
line a few feet in front of the wooden
barrier and ended the game. Hickman
also sprinted so swiftly after Burns'
tremendous drive in the twelfth that
he probably prevented a home run,
which would have decided the battle
then and there.

A Crop of
Potatoes

It Was Connected With a
Romance.

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the time approached for our
going to our modest country home for
the summer I had just parted with my
fifth servant in as many months. I
concluded to advertise for another. I
wrote out a tempting description of
the place, expatiating on the delicious
country air and mentioning that the
house stood in a four acre lot.

I received just one reply. A few
days after the issue of the advertise-
ment a girl came to see me who said
that she was looking for a situation.
She was very plainly dressed, but there
was an air about her that did not ac-
cord with her attire. She did not seem
so interested in the wages I proposed
to pay as in the place where she was
to spend the summer. She asked me
if there was room for a kitchen gar-
den, adding that she would like to try
her hand at raising vegetables. When
I informed her that she could have all
the land she could plant, that the soil
was excellent and had never grown
anything but grass, she accepted the
position, but on condition that she
might be permitted to go to the place
by the middle of April in order to get
her planting done in season. It was
not my intention to go to the country
before the 1st of May.

Margaret, my new maid, agreed to
fill her position in my household for
the few weeks remaining till she was
to depart for the country. She came
one day at noon and cooked the din-
ner. I had told my husband that I
had secured a prize, and when he saw
Margaret and ate the dinner she had
prepared he admitted that I was right
in my assumption.

"But I fear," he said, "that she will
be above her work. She is evidently
not of the servant class. I can't ex-
actly make out to what class she be-
longs; but, from her personality, leav-
ing out the fact that she is a servant,
I would place her well up in the
social scale. I don't believe she will
be satisfied to remain long with you."

"If she plants a garden she will have
to remain with me," I replied, "till she
has gathered her crop."
Margaret showed no disposition to be
dissatisfied with her work so long as
we were in the city nor, for that mat-
ter, ever displayed such dissatisfaction.
True, I treated her with more con-
sideration than I had ever treated a
servant before. But she did not ex-
act such consideration and was al-
ways perfectly respectful to me, though
she never addressed me as "ma'am."

It was always "Yes, Mrs. Ackerman,"
and "No, Mrs. Ackerman."
On the 15th of April my maid left me
for the country. I supposed that she
would fear to sleep alone in the house,
but she said she might have a sister
with her some of the time, with my
permission. This I of course granted.
We missed the delightful meals Mar-
garet prepared for us, for she was the
best cook I ever knew. I was glad
when the time came to follow her,
though my husband said that if she
were to make a farmer of herself she
would deteriorate as a cook.

When I reached my cottage I found
Margaret domesticated. She was alone,
her sister having gone away the day
before my arrival. What was my sur-
prise to see two-thirds of the ground
laid out for a garden and a few sprouts
here and there. I asked Margaret who
had turned over the ground, and she
said she had hired a farmer in the
neighborhood to plow it and a friend
of hers had leveled it. She had done
the rest herself.

"What have you planted, Margaret?"
I asked.
"I have put in a variety in that cor-
ner," she said, pointing, "for your ta-
ble; the rest has been given up to po-
tatoes."

"Potatoes!" I exclaimed. "What do
you propose to do with so many po-
tatoes?"
"Sell them. You see, Mrs. Ack-
erman, that the world's war is reducing
the earth's products. Not only will
this tend to raise the price of food,
but speculators will make this an ex-
cuse to hoard their products, which
will greatly enhance the market value.
I have put in this crop on speculation."
I was astonished. A servant girl
had secured a situation that brought
with it a piece of ground and had used
it to enter upon a speculation. Her
action was predicated upon sound rea-
soning and business principles. My
husband's prediction that I would find
her above her business was true in
one respect, but false in another. She
knew her place as a servant, but was
competent to act in a far wider field.

As the weather warmed the vegeta-
bles in Margaret's garden came up, and
since both the soil and the weather
were admirably fitted for the growth of
potatoes there was every prospect of
her securing a fine crop. The stalks
were not too luxuriant, and Margaret
said she did not fear that the crop
would be mostly stalk with few pota-
toes. The corner that she had planted
for our private use gave us such a va-
riety of vegetable food as one could
enjoy.

And this corner was of especial satis-
faction to us because by midsummer
Margaret's calculations on prices had
begun to show themselves correct. We
could not buy vegetables even from the

farmers about us at prices we could
afford to pay, and, as for potatoes,
when the old year's stock had given
out one would have been obliged to go
without them had we not bought the
few we needed from Margaret.

When the summer was drawing to an
end a man drove up in a wagon one
morning and asked if Margaret Sayles
was in. Margaret was out in the gar-
den, and I sent him there. Later I
saw him digging the potatoes, putting
them in gunny sacks and loading them
on to the wagon. I did not notice the
man's appearance particularly, but he
wore a slouch felt hat and a pair of
overalls. I don't know how many
loads of potatoes he took away with
him, but he was all day at the work.

That evening I asked Margaret how
she was coming out on her crop. She
said that she believed she would do
very well, since potatoes were increas-
ing in price every day. I replied that
I was well aware of the fact, to my
cost. She added that she had been so-
lited by the neighboring farmers to
hold her property for a better price,
but had declined. She did not believe
in the principle and would risk losing
all she had made. The price might
drop and the potatoes might rot on her
hands. I told her I thought she was
wise.

We returned to the city on the 1st
of September. Margaret continued to
serve me faithfully till the end of the
year, when she notified me that she ex-
pected to be married in the spring and
would leave me whenever I had found
another servant to suit me. Of course
this was a great disappointment, but I
had no blame for Margaret. I asked
her whom she was to marry, and she
told me her betrothed was the man who
had carted away her potatoes, adding
that he was a practical gardener.

When she told me this I was sorry
that I had not more carefully noticed
the man. I was a trifle disappointed
that she was not to marry some one
in a higher station, for both my hus-
band and I clung to the idea that Mar-
garet was fitted to fill almost any
grade in social life. I asked a number
of other questions about her betroth-
ed, but she was as reticent about this
as she had been about all matters per-
taining to herself.

Margaret would not leave me till I
had tried several persons to take her
place. Finally I found a woman who
was fairly satisfactory, and I insisted
on parting with Margaret, for I knew
that she wished to spend her time pre-
paring for her wedding. I felt that I
was losing a companion rather than a
servant, and she seemed to have formed
some attachment for me.

"Let me know when the wedding is
to come off," I said.

"You will certainly receive an invita-
tion," was her reply.
One morning in June it came. It
was an engraved note stating that
Mrs. Eliza Sayles would be pleased to
see me at the wedding of her daughter,
Margaret, at the residence of Mr. Wil-
liam Ferguson. There was nothing
about it that bespoke the servant. In-
deed, there was everything indicating
that the parties concerned were of the
better class.

On the day of the nuptials I drove
up to the house of Mr. Ferguson, which
I found on a first class residence street.
Other vehicles were arriving, and those
alighting were in costumes appropriate
to a wedding in high life. There were
perhaps fifty guests in all. At noon
the couple took their position before
the officiating clergyman, and in the
groom, attired in a Prince Albert coat
and gray trousers, I recognized the
man who had carted away Margaret's
potatoes. The bride was in travelling
costume.

After the ceremony I passed the
bride with the throng of guests, and
her mother, saying that she would like
to make me acquainted with her broth-
er, Mr. Ferguson, took me to him. He
beckoned me to follow him to another
room and then there explained the
mystery of Margaret and her potato
crop.

"If I were a young man seeking a
helpmate," he said, "I should consider
myself most fortunate if I could se-
cure my niece Margaret. Her father
brought her up in comfort, but prac-
tically. He considered the basis of a
woman's education cookery and sent
his daughter to a cooking school. He
died a few years ago, and she has
since, up to the time she went to you,
made her living by some plan connect-
ed with cooking. She became engaged to
the man she has just married a
year ago. He has been studying agri-
culture and has just been graduated,
but had no funds. Seeing your adver-
tisement, it occurred to Margaret that
by accepting a position with you she
might secure the use of ground with-
out cost on which to raise a crop. She
sold her potatoes for \$800, which is
the capital on which the couple are to
commence married life. Her husband
will become scientific superintendent
of a gentleman's farm at a good sal-
ary."

I was introduced to a number of
Margaret's friends and relatives and
found them all persons of refinement.
Furthermore, they all spoke in the
highest terms of her, not only prais-
ing her for her practical makeup, but
especially commenting upon the ab-
sence in her of that false pride which
prevents so many persons from accept-
ing positions which are calculated to
exclude them from social prestige. She
did not hesitate to take a position
which, though considered servile by
the world, is perfectly honorable and
furnished the key to fortune.

Margaret and her husband made a
second step upward, occupying a cot-
tage on the farm he managed, but it
was not long before they had accumu-
lated sufficient capital to buy a tract of
land on which they planted fruit trees
and eventually made a fortune.
There is nothing to be added to my
story except that Margaret has become
one of my most valued friends.

CHURCH IS STRONGLY BEHIND
U. S. GOVERNMENT, DECLARES
THE PRESBYTERIAN MODERATOR

Annual Sermon, Delivered
Before Assembly in Dal-
las, Texas, This Afternoon
Replete With Hope For
Christianity.

[By Associated Press to The Banner]
Dallas, Tex., May 17.—With "The
Church in Armor" for a subject and
the text chosen from the words of
Paul in Ephesians 6:13: "Wherefore
take unto you the whole armor of
God," Rev. John Abner Marquis, D.
D., moderator of the Presbyterian
general assembly and president of
Coe college, Cedar Rapids, Ia., deliv-
ered the annual sermon before the
assembly this afternoon.

"This is not a pacifist figure of
speech—a Christian armed to the
teeth—but there was a good deal of
militancy in Paul, as there is in his
gospel," Dr. Marquis said in begin-
ning his sermon. "The weapons of
his warfare were not carnal, but
they were none the less mighty and
none the less dangerous to a foe."

"Christianity is not a religion of
passive resignation; it teaches the
passive virtues, but its emphasis is
on the active, strenuous ones. Our
Lord's last messages are electric with
action and bristling with energy. The
disciples were to go and preach;
work and battles were before them;
they were called to the life of a sol-
dier, not of a recluse."

"It is the undoubted mission of
Christianity to bring peace into the
world, as it is to bring salvation and
righteousness, but it is never taught
or intimated that this peace is to
come by lying inert in the path of
brute force or letting iniquity have
its way without protest and combat.
On the contrary, it will come as the
result of conflict and struggle as hot
and fierce as in the trenches of
France. It is the business of religion
to make the world a dangerous
place for evil and evil-doers."

"There is an appeal to the church
in the world situation now which
gives peculiar point to the advice in
the text; it is a situation the church
has never faced before and can only
be met when we are panoplied with
the whole armor of God."

Dr. Marquis said the church is bet-
ter armed now than ever to make
herself of use to the world and be-
sides the "whole armor of God" which
the Ephesians had, has a base
and an equipment such as no other
generation of Christians ever pos-
sessed. With capacious church

buildings, schools, men and money at
their disposal, Dr. Marquis declared
the church in America is not failing
and that never in the history of any
nation has a free church put itself
so cordially and so solidly behind its
government as the church in the
United States is doing now.

"She is realizing," said the speak-
er, "that the time has come when civ-
ilization can no longer endure a half-
autocracy and a half-democratic con-
dition. It is Freedom's hour. She
must either conquer or go back 500
years!"

After declaring that the world
will never get out of the influence
of brute force, with its blood and
slaughter, until a new spirit controls
government as well as personal con-
duct, Dr. Marquis touched on labor
troubles and said:

"The same thing is true of indus-
trial troubles that menace us almost
every moment. Difficulties between
capital and labor will yield to Chris-
tianity if it is applied. The church,
then, has now—when the world is
arrested at its own failures—a fine
opportunity to reveal the full power
of Christ and to apply it."

In closing, Dr. Marquis declared
that momentous changes are coming
and said:

"If we are worthy of Christ and the
hour in which he has brought us into
His kingdom, we can make the new
order His order. Our faith is that
this will be done."

German and Germane.

German silver was not invented in
Germany and does not contain any
particle of real silver. It is really
an alloy of copper, nickel and zinc.
The word "german" is really a corrup-
tion of the original word "germane,"
which means "related to." Therefore
it is "germane silver," meaning "re-
lated to" silver. So with "german
measles."

More than 12,000 students are taking
courses in agriculture in the colleges
of the United States.

YOURSELF.

The fate of the country does
not depend on what kind of pa-
per you drop into the ballot box
once a year, but it does depend
on what kind of man you drop
from your chamber into the
street every morning.—Henry
David Thoreau.

THE WAY TO SUCCESS.

It is the man who carefully
pegs his way up step by step,
with his mind becoming wider
and wider and progressively bet-
ter able to grasp any situation,
persevering in what he knows to
be practical and concentrating
his thought upon it, who is bound
to succeed in the greatest degree.
—Alexander Graham Bell.

Hornpipes.

Hornpipe takes its name from a wind
instrument on which are produced
tuneful strains as an accompaniment
for this country dance, which origi-
nated in England. Sailors' hornpipe
is better known to Americans.

He—And did you suffer much when
you had appendicitis?
She—Suffer? I thought I should never
live to tell the tale.
He—Ah, that must have been suffer-
ing indeed!—Philadelphia Record.

PREPARE FOR
POSITIONS
HIGHER UP

Where opportunities are unlimited.
Special Summer School will begin
May 28. Our course will prepare
you for the best positions as
bookkeeper, stenographer, or both.
Special Rates.

ENROLL NOW.

MT. VERNON BUSINESS
COLLEGE
Mt. Vernon, Ohio

Wanted, For Sale, &c

WANTED—A competent woman
for general housework. Citizens' 127
Mrs. E. O. Arnold. 14d185

NOTICE TO
CONTRACTORS

Whole and separate bids will be receiv-
ed up to 12 o'clock (noon) of
Saturday, June 16, 1917

by the Board of Education for the Bladen-
burg Village School, District of Bladen-
burg, Knox county, Ohio; also known
as the Bladenburg Special School Dis-
trict, for the construction of a semi-free-
proof brick school building in accordance
with plans and specifications prepared by
Mason Bros. Architects, People's Bldg.,
Delaware, Ohio.

Plans and specifications may be ob-
tained at the offices of the architect on
any working day up to the day and date
of opening bids, or from the Clerk S. E.
Harris, Bladenburg, Ohio. All bids shall
be in accordance with the requirements of
the Ohio school laws, and blank proposal
forms therefor may be obtained from the
Clerk of the Board; proposals shall
be enclosed in sealed envelope marked
"Proposal for School Building" and ad-
dressed to S. E. Harris, Clerk, Bladen-
burg, Ohio, and shall be accompanied by
a certified check or bond in an amount
equal to 5 per cent of the total of said
proposal as a guarantee of good faith
in making same, said check or bond to be
made payable to S. E. Harris, Clerk, Bla-
denburg Special School District.
Bids will be publicly opened and read
at the Grange hall in the Village of Bla-
denburg, Ohio, at one o'clock p. m. on
day and date above given, viz., June 16,
1917.

The board reserves the right to reject
any or all bids. S. E. HARRIS, President.
S. E. Harris, Clerk.
5-1835-6-188

GREAT REMOVAL SALE
THE BOSTON BARGAIN STORE

B. W. PERKINS, Manager.

206 S. Main Street

(Across From The 10c Store)

Lot Ladies' Oxfords.....	\$1.00	35c Silk Socks.....	19c
Lot Children's Shoes.....	.60c	25c Ladies' Hose.....	15c
Lot Men's Shoes.....	\$2.19	25c Children's Stockings.....	15c
Lot of 300 Ladies' Oxfords.....	\$1.50	50c Suspenders.....	33c
Everything Must Go. Nothing will Be Moved.			
\$12 and \$15 Men's Suits.....	\$8.50	Canvas Gloves, per pair.....	8c
Boys' \$5.50 Suits, with 2 pairs of pants.....	\$4.50	15c Gauntlet Canvas Gloves.....	9c
Boys' \$5.00 Suits.....	\$4.00	Men's and Boys' 10c Handkerchiefs.....	5c
Boys' \$4.00 Suits.....	\$3.00	25 doz. Boys' Blouse Waists.....	25c
Lot of Men's \$1.00 Shirts.....	50c	25 doz. Men's Pants.....	\$1.00
Lot of Men's 50c Dress Shirts.....	39c	25 doz. Men's Pants.....	\$1.25
100 doz. Men's Work Shirts.....	50c	25 doz. Men's Pants.....	\$1.50
Boys' 50c Shirts.....	39c	Lot Ladies' House Slippers.....	25c
Lots Boys' Shirts.....	23c	Ladies' White Nubuck Shoes.....	\$2.00